birds. Sam was always going on about how much Betty had improved since he'd been working with her. He knew that I used to take Betty shopping. He pretended to be grateful but I believe he resented my involvement.

Serge had been Betty's worker before her and he was the same. When he heard that I'd taken Betty out for a coffee, he thanked me as if I'd taken him myself. Betty was their cash cow. For a while Serge remained her worker too, although Sam had officially taken over. That was fine with Betty. Adam said Serge was just using her to pad his caseload. For Betty it meant being spoiled.

I offended Sam by helping Betty buy a whole case of pop at the "No Frills." Otherwise she'd have spent her meager pin money buying it from the Koreans at three or four times its value. Sam said I was ruining her diet. Betty was fat with a bad face rash but there was nothing in her life besides trips to the Goodwill, the occasional movie, and treats. She borrowed movies from the office and watched them alone in her room. Her taste ran to low-budget slasher movies featuring bad actors with hairy shoulders and buckets of blood.

We were always getting cigs for the other tenants. Cigs gave you cancer. Betty didn't even smoke. Cokes gave you stomachache and made you fat, but it didn't matter. Betty was already fat. Her weight didn't change. I think she could have starved to death without losing weight. Cokes weren't